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PROMPTLY AND NEATLY EXECUTED.

THE STORY TELLER.

Story of the Sea Captain.

CHAPTER I.

On a bright sunny morning, toward the end

of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in a sea-cast

village on the North Devon coast, over which

at a short distance, rose the lofty towers of

the noble castle of the Arundels, a party of sailors

might be seen lounging in the lanes, or in the

small inn, their second officer, the gallant Falk-

land, leaning over the railing, and participating in

their occasional, as was the custom of that

homely period. They had just returned to mer-

ry England from

"Those vast shores washed by the farthest sea;"

could tell of the golden land of Guinea, and of

the dangers of the Guinea coast; of battle with the

ferce Algerine, and treasure wrung from the

haughty Don. Their boat was upon the beach,

their tall-masted ship swung lustily in the offing,

and all was joviality and junketing on shore—

Plauds were given to their ship, the Royal

Albatross, and to their commander, the bold

Captain Norman.

What landscape is without its shadow?—

Apart from this merry company, before a table

in front of the house, sat a dark-browed man,

in a costume which even at that period betokened

the half-sailor, half pirate, of the period,

partaking neither of the innocence of the

royal navy, nor the crafty guile of the active

mercantile. A Spanish-cut jacket; a waist-

coat belted with heavy, dropping, gold-braided

buttons; a pair of medallions dangling from

each ear; a belt profusely loaded with pistols of

various sizes and manufactures; a short, heavy

casual; long boots peculiar to the period; a

round felt hat flapping half over his face—

constituted a few of the means of his

to which a deep cut or slash across the vis-

age added a remarkably oblique expression,

which it wanted not a rough manner and still

rougher voice to render unpleasant and suspi-

cious. Refusing the landlord's proffered Cana-

ria, "the best on the coast," and declining to

join the jolly fellows with glasses, (such as

such was his name,) gruffly awaited the return

of the messenger he had dispatched to a neigh-

boring knight, Sir Maurice Beavor, grimly

urging. In the meanwhile, the noisy sailors, and

expressing his hatred of honest men, saying,

"What right have men to be honest, and spoil

other men's trade?"

Sir Maurice Beavor was a gentleman distant-

ly connected with the ancient family of Arun-

del, the high honors of whose name rested in

the sole person of Percy, Lord Ashdale, falling

whose heirs, Sir Maurice would succeed, and he,

the poor cousin, would be lord of Arundel. He

was a miser of the severest order, greedy and

avaricious of gain, yet malicious without as one

who had been made to feel his quality of power

and had spirit enough to resent it, with

subtle pretence to conceal his anger—a subtle

for the lord, a convenience for the lady, a jibe

for the laquey; his love of gold had been his

consolation through life. His youth had been

drugged away in penury and dependence; his

manhood had gone in pining weeds, that upon

their steps of gold his eyes might mount to pur-

sue, and he gloated malignantly on the secret

knowledge how the sleek rogues would fawn on

the poor cousin if they could creep into his mis-

er's chest! Great, however, in spite of the harsh-

ness of his character, was the influence exer-

cised by Sir Maurice Beavor over the lady

Arundel, whose soul seemed wrapt up in the

well-doing of her young son Percy. Quick up-

turn to tell the knight, in return for his bitter

compliment on the gait upon his brow, as mak-

ing him look "more grim, terrible, manly, and

seamanlike," that he had to thank for it the boy

whom he took out to please Sir Maurice; and

that for such handsome keepsake he had not yet

made return; that the keepsake he had not yet

bearing, that endeared him still more to those

about him. A noble and gallant gentleman was

Norman to look upon; the only, original sen-

sation of that age—with the same gay and

prodigious contempt of the common-place objects

which landmen covet and scheme for, as our

modern sailors have, but with something else of

the adventurous romance and poetic fancy with

which the lingering chivalry of the Old World,

and the first glances of the New, inspired the

bold and gallant contemporaries of Sir Walter

Raleigh—cheerful in spirit, gallant in bearing,

he recalled to mind the story of the Sea Kings

of the olden time, and seemed as he trod the

shore to say:

"He who's a king on deck,

Is every subject's equal on the land."

"Now cheer thee, Norman," said his lieutenant;

"think of the rich jewel you possess—the

love of that fair flower of the west—now your

betrothed—when we rescued from the Algerine

corsair in the Italian seas, when returning from

the island of which her father was governor—

Al! how you leapt on board the corsair, our

bold crew buzzing round you, crying 'England

and Elizabeth—Norman to the rescue!' Have

you seen her and the priest Onslow—your

father-father, that you told me of; he, too, you

were to have visited?"

Recalled to himself, Norman went on to re-

count how Violet's father had died, and how he

had found a stranger at the hearth where he had

expected to warm a welcome; but that Violet

was with her relative, Lady Arundel, in the

stately towers now seen gilded in the sunlight.

"Thither was Norman hustling when met by

Falkner—for love, like an ocean whirlpool, en-

gulfed all thought, dream, hope, fear, within

the absorbing waves of one strong passion; and

the dear old friend of his childhood had been

forgotten.

"But you, Falkner," said the captain, in tones

of deep affection, "will bear a message to him

for me: 'tis scarcely two hours' journey. Bear

him good tidings; tell him I am safe, gay, well;

and that night, be sure of this, for good men

at home jump by sea-man's hour—every night

on the far sea, his foster-son recalled the words

taught to his infant lips, and prayed for blessings

on that grey head."

"The young man parted, but not before the

lieutenant had hinted that the crew were ready,

and the ship at hand, to bid in carrying off the

lady—who her relative, her was not rich, as

she might otherwise need their captain's af-

fection from the sea."

"Never," said Norman, emphatically; "not for

beauty's self will I leave that glorious sea where

England yields the trident of a god, and every

wave does homage to her flag—where every

wave hears Neptune's nymphs hymn the immortal

song of England's praise! No, I will never

forget the sea! My brave bark shall be our

home—our bright melody the rising gale—the

stars, our bright lights of the angel palaces of

our wedding lamps—the crystal deep our

sparkling sapphires—the vaulted heaven our

roof. My love! my beautiful! my own!"

"Never did more gladly glide to port

than I to thee, my anchor in my faith,

And in thy eye my love."

CHAPTER II.

Change we now the scene to the gardens of

the Castle of Arundel, where a stately dame,

of noble features but gloomy brow, was walking on

the level terrace. Of a stern and solemn pres-

ence was the lady Arundel; one of those women

where her dark eye fell, there the mischief of

sovereignty would follow. Her lonely lamp burnt

out the latest star of night, and some fearful

memory, it was thought, had thrown its glow

over her cheek, some memory, too, stern and

not prone to pardon. But whatever might be

that conscience, she was a woman of a fine

mind; and even on this day, the fatal

anniversary of a five-and-twenty years' sorrow,

when even the bright sun that gladdened nature

was to her as the dark corner of her heart's

unhappy secret, she could smile of affection

and love for her gay and thoughtless Percy,

the young Lord Ashdale, whose step she heard

approaching, and whose cheerful voice, ordering

his favorite hound and falcon—the gift of

the noble Leicester—sounded like music to his

as the price of success on securing these much

dreaded proofs from out the hands of the priest.

In the lady's terror, no price seemed large; and

Sir Maurice gladly took upon himself the mis-

sion.

Meantime, in another part of that noble gar-

den, the fair Violet, the ward and cousin of

Lady Arundel, was walking with her attendant,

Miss Prudence, a stately dame of the du-

cenna breed, the only legacy left the fair young

lady by her father, but doubly endeared to Vi-

olet by having been present with her in their

captivity from the Algerine by Captain Nor-

man—a witness of his bravery and of their af-

ter loves.

Solacing herself with sweet remembrances,

the fair Violet was suddenly recalled to actual

happiness by the presence of Norman himself;

and by his voice calling upon her to look up, as

she fell weeping, almost fainting, on his bosom.

We pass over their raptures, and the sailor's

wooing of his bride, whose blushes only were her

voice; for soon the unannounced presence of

the lady Arundel surprised the pair; and the

terrified Violet, with trembling accents, intro-

duced the gallant captain, of whom her father

had so often spoke, as the rescuer of their lives

and freedom.

"What words can paint the feelings of Lady

Arundel at the sight?"

"Averting angels, spare me!" she exclaimed,

as his father's spirit seemed to rise before her;

but pride quickly came to her relief, and hushed

the tumult of her soul. She courteously re-

ceived the salutations of Norman, and, prefer-

ring the hospitality of her house, requested him,

much to the surprise of Violet, to make it his

hostel while on shore.

Nor was Norman less surprised than Violet;

an uncontrollable emotion seemed to swell in his

bosom, inclining him at once toward that majes-

tically so terrible to others. Her face, then

lighted with a sweet but sad smile, made his

heart tremble in his bosom, and some old mem-

ory, as of a dream, came over him. Gladly did

he accept the invitation, which insured him one

long day and evening at least with the Violet.

Sir Maurice was now like a spider at his dark

work, and quickly returned to the lady, as-

suming to hear that the fly was in the web already.

To the mind of Sir Maurice Beavor, the

thoughts suggested themselves. Failing Percy

Ashdale, as we have before said, he knew him-

self the heir so long as Norman was thought

dead; but their rivalry might tend to the death

of both. A quarrel, a contest, an assassination,

and the law! then would his own name, as

the Ashdale and Arundel's, and marry a

young bride, get heirs, and perhaps keep a poor

cousin himself, to play at leap-frog with the

little Maurice, and be abused and jeered at in

his turn.

Nor was fit occasion long wanting. Even now,

the young Lord Ashdale, returning from the

chase, felt ruffled at the tail-coat of Percy, who

was suspended an escutcheon, and old banners, sat

an apparently gay and happy party, at a table

strewn with fruits and wine. The sea-captain

had just told the story of one of his shipwrecks,

and was merrily jesting at the plight in which

himself and crew appeared after a midnight

storm, when, prompted by some malicious demon,

the lady Arundel, in the plenitude of her

confidence that he knew not their relation, ven-

tered the observation: "Your wanderings have

been long, sea-captain; the sight of you will be

a blessing to my parents."

The key-note of sorrow was touched in Nor-

man's mind, and even the lady felt pity for

the heart's sadness reflected in his tone as he re-

sponded:

"I never knew a parent, lady. The key of

some recalled music in your voice unlocks a

chamber in my soul which has been long closed,

and would you listen to the tale of one who has

been an outcast from his birth, I will briefly tell

it. My childhood was away until the fourteenth

year in the house of an old village priest.

I thought of nothing but study and my sports,

until one calm evening, when looking over the

waves from our seaside cottage window, sud-











